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ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
ILLUSTRIOS PRINCE
RUPERT;
A Pindarique Ode.

By THOMAS FLATMAN.

Utinam Viveres!



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On the D E A T H
O F T H E
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
R U P E R T:
Pindarique Ode.

S T A N Z A I.

MAn surely is not what he seems to be ;
Surely our selves we over-rate,
Forgetting that like other Creatures, we
Must bend our heads to Fate.
Lord of the whole Creation, Man,
(How big the Title shews !)
Trifles away a few uncertain Years,
Cheated with Hopes, and rackt with Fears,
Through all Lifes little Span,
Then down to silence, and to darkness goes :
And when we Die, the Croud that trembling stood
E're while struck with the terrour of a Nod,
Shake off their wonted Reverence with their Chains,
And at their pleasure use our poor Remains.
Ah mighty Prince !
Whom lavish Nature, and industrious Art
Had fitted for immortal Fame,
Their utmost Bounty could no more impart ;
How comes it that Thy venerable Name
Should be submitted to my Theme ?
Unkindly baulkt by the prime skilful men,
Abandon'd to be sully'd by so mean a Pen !

II.

Tell me, ye skilful men, if you have read
In all the fair Memorials of the Dead,

A Name so formidably Great,
So full of Wonders, and unenvi'd Love,
In which all Vertues, and all Graces strove,

So terrible, and yet so sweet ;
Shew me a Star in Honours Firmament,
(Of the first magnitude let it be)
That from the darkness of this World made free,
A brighter lustre to this World has lent.

Ye men of reading, shew me one,
That shines with such a beam as *His*.

Rupert's a Constellation,
Outvies *Arcturus*, and the *Pleiades*.
And if the *Julian* Star of old out-shone
The lesser Fires, as much as them the Moon,
Posterity perhaps will wonder why
An Heroe more divine than He
Should leave (after his *Apotheosis*)
No Gleam of light in all the *Galaxie*
Bright as the Sun in the full blaze of Noon.

III.

How shall my trembling Muse Thy Praise reherse !
Thy Praise too lofty ev'n for *Pindar's* Verse !

Whence shall she take her daring flight,
That she may soar aloft
In numbers masculine and soft,
In numbers adæquate
To thy Renowns Cœlestial height !
If from thy noble Pedigree,
The Royal Bloud that sparkled in thy Veins
A low Plebeian Eulogy disdains ,
And he blasphemeth that meanly writes of *Thee*.
If from thy Martial Deeds she boldly rise,
And sing thy valiant Infancy,

Rebellious

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Rebellious *Britain* after felt full well,
 Thou from thy Cradle wert a Miracle.
 Swadled in Armour, Drums appeas'd thy Cries,
 And the shrill Trumpet sung thy Lullabies.
 The Babe *Alcides* thus, gave early proof
 In the first dawning of his Youth,
 When with his tender hand the Snakes he slew,
 What Monsters in his riper Years he would subdue.

IV.

Great *Prince*, in whom *Mars* and *Minerva* join'd
 Their last efforts to frame a mighty Mind,
 A Pattern for Brave men to come, design'd :
 How did the Rebel-Troops before thee fly!

How of thy Genius stand in aw !

When from the sulphurous Cloud

Thou in Thunder gav'st aloud

Thy dreadful Law

To the presumptuous Enemy.

In vain their traitorous Ensigns they displaid,

In vain they fought, in vain they pray'd,

At thy victorious Arms dismaid.

Till Providence for Causes yet unknown,

Causes mysterious and deep,

Conniv'd a while, as if asleep,

And seem'd its dear *Anointed* to disown ;

The prosperous Villany triumph'd o're the Crown,

And hurl'd the best of Monarchs from his Throne.

O tell it not in *Gath*, nor *Aascalon* !

The best of Monarchs fell by impious Power,

Th' unspotted Victim for the guilty bled. (dead;
 He bow'd, he fell, there where he bow'd he fell down
 Blest Martyr baptiz'd in his sacred gore.

V.

Nor could those tempests in the giddy State,

O mighty *Prince*, thy Loyalty abate.

Though put to flight, thou fought'st the *Parthian* way,

B And

And still the same appear'dst to be
 Among the Beasts, and scaly Fry,
 A *Bebemoth* on Land, and a *Leviathan* at Sea ;
 Still, wert thou Brave, still wert thou Good,
 Still firm to thy Allegiance stood
 Amidst the foamings of the popular floud :
 (*Cato* with such a constancy of mind,
 Espous'd that Cause which all his Gods declin'd.)
 Till gentler Stars amaz'd to see
 Thy matchless and undaunted Bravery,
 Blusht and brought back the murthered Father's Son,
 Lest thou shouldst plant him in th' Imperial Throne,
 Thou with thy single hand alone.
 He that forgets the Glories of that Day,
 When C H A R L E S the Merciful return'd,
 Ne'r felt the transports of glad *Sion's Joy*,
 When she had long in dust and ashes mourn'd :
 He never understood with what surprize
 She open'd her astonish'd eyes
 To see the goodly Fabrick of the second *Temple* rise.

VI.

When C H A R L E S the Merciful his Entrance made
 The Day was all around serene,
 Not one ill-boding Cloud was seen
 To cast a gloomy shade
 On the triumphal Cavalcade.
 In that, his first, and happy Scene,
 The Pow'rs above foretold his Halcyon Reign,
 In which, like them, He evermore should prove
 The kindest methods of Almighty Love :
 And when black Crimes His Justice should constrain,
 His pious Breast should share the Criminals pain :
 Fierce as the Lion can he be, and gentle as the Dove.
 Here stop my Muse, --- the rest let Angels sing,
 Some of those Angels, who with constant care
 To His Pavilion, near attendants are,

And still the same appear'dst to be
 Among the Beasts, and scaly Fry,
 A *Bebemoth* on Land, and a *Leviathan* at Sea ;
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 To His Pavilion, near attendants, are,

A Life-guard giv'n him by th' Omnipotent King,
 Th' Omnipotent King, whose Character He bears,
 Whose Diadems on Earth he wears ;
 And may he wear it long, for many, many years.

VII.

And now (illustrious Ghost !) what shall we say ?
 What Tribute to thy precious memory pay ?
 Thy Death confounds, and strikes all Sorrows dumb.

Kingdoms and Empires make their moan,
 Rescu'd by thee from Desolation ;
 In Pilgrimage hereafter shall they come,
 And make their Offerings before thy Tomb,
 Great Prince, so fear'd abroad, and so ador'd at home.
Fove's Bird that durst of late confront the Sun,
 And in the wanton German Banners plaid,
 Now hangs her Wing, and droops her Head,
 Now recollects the Battels thou hast won,
 And calls too late to thee for aid.

All Christendom deplores the loss,
 Whilst bloody Mahomet like a Whirl-wind flies,
 And insolently braves the ill-befriended Cross.
Europe in bloud, and in confusion lies.

Thou in an easie good old age,
 Remov'd from this tumultuous Stage,
 Sleep't unconcern'd at all its Rage,
 Secure of Fame, and from Detraction free :
 He that to greater happiness would attain,
 Or towards Heav'n would swifter fly,
 Must be much more than mortal man,
 And never condescend to Die.

Dec. 13. 1682.

F I N I S.
